

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, 1885.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

New Goods! New Prices!

DYNAMITERS

Succeed in Wrecking the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall in London.

Several Lives Lost and a Number of People Severely Injured—A Clue Found.

What O'Donovan Rossa Says—Scene of the Explosion—Incidents of the Disaster.

Blown Up With Dynamite.

The strike of the Pittsburgh Trammen which caused the delay of our Goods is all settled now, and they are coming in just as fast as they can be unloaded. As previously announced, these Goods were bought under the most favorable circumstances. Our buyer had struck the market in the dullest and most depressing condition. Now avail yourself of the rare opportunity to attend a

Slaughter Sale

Like we propose to open in a few days, no out of prices on goods carried over by any retailer will commence to touch the prices of our newly made purchases all other Goods on hand will be sold correspondingly.

DON'T FORGET

The Principal Features:

Linen and House-keeping Goods,

Embroideries,

Silks and

Dress Goods.

The space does not allow us to quote prices.

Louis Wolf & Co.,

54 Calhoun Street.
Also sell Domestic Perfect Fitting Paper Patterns.

JAMES FOX,

DRALER IN
Hard and 8 ft Coal,
Wood, Kindling
and Coke.

Railroad Street, near Calhoun. All orders promptly attended to and delivered to any part of the city.

T. LEPHONE NO. 133.

Dec 18-1m

J. P. TINKHAM,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

LONG AND SHORT WOOD,

HARD AND SOFT COAL.

OFFICE, 120 WEST MAIN STREET;

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

Card on N. T. C. & St. L. R. R. Sept 26-6m

P. McCULLOUGH, M. D.

R. McCULLOUGH, M. D.

T. P. & H. McCullough,

PHYSICIANS.

Office 120 Harrison Street.

THE MARKETS.

Tobacco Market.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat, dull; No. 2 red, cash and January, nominally 81 $\frac{1}{2}$; February, 82 asked; March, 83; asked; May, 85 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid; No. 2 soft, 88.

Corn, firm and dull; No. 2 cash 43; January, 43; asked; February, 42; May, 44; bid.

Oats, strong; No. 2 cash 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid; February, 31 bid; May, 34 bid.

Cloverseed, dull; prime, cash, January and February, 40 90 asked.

Dressed hogs, 52 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Chloroform, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and January; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ February; 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ April; 85 May.

Corn, lower; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Oats, lower; 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 28 March; 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Rye, steady, 63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Barley, nominal; 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 66.

Flaxseed, steady, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Pork, shade easier; 12 00 January and March; 12 40 May.

Lard, steady; 6 77 January; 6 80 February; 6 87 March; 7 05 May.

Cotton Market.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and January; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ February; 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ April; 85 May.

Corn, lower; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Oats, lower; 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 28 March; 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Rye, steady, 63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Barley, nominal; 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 66.

Flaxseed, steady, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Pork, shade easier; 12 00 January and March; 12 40 May.

Lard, steady; 6 77 January; 6 80 February; 6 87 March; 7 05 May.

Cotton Market.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and January; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ February; 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ April; 85 May.

Corn, lower; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Oats, lower; 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 28 March; 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Rye, steady, 63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Barley, nominal; 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 66.

Flaxseed, steady, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Pork, shade easier; 12 00 January and March; 12 40 May.

Lard, steady; 6 77 January; 6 80 February; 6 87 March; 7 05 May.

Cotton Market.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and January; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ February; 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ April; 85 May.

Corn, lower; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Oats, lower; 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 28 March; 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Rye, steady, 63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Barley, nominal; 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 66.

Flaxseed, steady, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Pork, shade easier; 12 00 January and March; 12 40 May.

Lard, steady; 6 77 January; 6 80 February; 6 87 March; 7 05 May.

Cotton Market.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and January; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ February; 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ April; 85 May.

Corn, lower; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Oats, lower; 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 28 March; 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Rye, steady, 63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Barley, nominal; 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 66.

Flaxseed, steady, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Pork, shade easier; 12 00 January and March; 12 40 May.

Lard, steady; 6 77 January; 6 80 February; 6 87 March; 7 05 May.

Cotton Market.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and January; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ February; 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ April; 85 May.

Corn, lower; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Oats, lower; 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 28 March; 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Rye, steady, 63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Barley, nominal; 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 66.

Flaxseed, steady, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Pork, shade easier; 12 00 January and March; 12 40 May.

Lard, steady; 6 77 January; 6 80 February; 6 87 March; 7 05 May.

Cotton Market.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and January; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ February; 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ April; 85 May.

Corn, lower; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Oats, lower; 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 28 March; 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Rye, steady, 63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Barley, nominal; 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 66.

Flaxseed, steady, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Pork, shade easier; 12 00 January and March; 12 40 May.

Lard, steady; 6 77 January; 6 80 February; 6 87 March; 7 05 May.

Cotton Market.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and January; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ February; 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ April; 85 May.

Corn, lower; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Oats, lower; 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 28 March; 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Rye, steady, 63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Barley, nominal; 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 66.

Flaxseed, steady, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Pork, shade easier; 12 00 January and March; 12 40 May.

Lard, steady; 6 77 January; 6 80 February; 6 87 March; 7 05 May.

Cotton Market.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and January; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ February; 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ April; 85 May.

Corn, lower; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Oats, lower; 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 28 March; 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Rye, steady, 63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Barley, nominal; 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 66.

Flaxseed, steady, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Pork, shade easier; 12 00 January and March; 12 40 May.

Lard, steady; 6 77 January; 6 80 February; 6 87 March; 7 05 May.

Cotton Market.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1885.

Wheat declined rapidly during the last half hour of trading under heavy selling, closed 1 cent under top figures; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash and January; 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ February; 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ April; 85 May.

Corn, lower; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ March; 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Oats, lower; 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cash, January and February; 28 March; 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ May.

Rye, steady, 63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

</div

ATHLOPHOROS CURES NEURALGIA!

ATHLOPHOROS CURES NEURALGIA!

The Sentinel.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING

THE SENTINEL BUILDING.
NO. 107 CALHOUN ST
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

DELIVERED BY CARRIERS FOR TEN CENTS A WEEK.
MAIL SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS & EIGHTY CENTS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
THE SENTINEL IS THE ONLY EVENING PAPER IN FORT WAYNE THAT GIVES THE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

THE WEEKLY SENTINEL,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

CORRESPONDENCE CONTAINING IMPORTANT NEWS SOLICITED.
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS AND ORDERS TO
E. A. K. HACKETT,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Daily Sentinel.
SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1885.

OFFICIAL PAPER COUNTY AND CITY.

THE INDIANA LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Jameson's bill, providing that a married woman shall not enter into any contract of suretyship as endorser, guarantor or in any other manner, and such contract as to her shall be void, provided that nothing in the section shall prevent a married woman from joining with her husband in mortgaging her real estate, was reported from the committee with the recommendation that the bill be indefinitely postponed. After a lengthy discussion the report was concurred in.

A memorial adopted by the Western Yearly Meeting of Friends is to be presented to the legislature asking that a law be passed to abolish capital punishment; also, that the law governing the pardoning power be so amended as to provide for a board composed of the governor, secretary and auditor.

The bill providing that county officers and township trustees shall deposit their funds in certain banks selected by the county commissioners and required to give bond for the safe keeping of the same, was reported from the committee with the recommendation that it be indefinitely postponed. The bill was re-committed and 200 copies ordered printed.

The senate concurrent resolution for the appointment of a committee to see if an investigation into the affairs of the state treasurer is necessary was called up, and Mr. Taylor moved that it lie on the table, including in the motion an amendment offered by another member that the committee have power to send for persons and papers. The motion was lost by a vote of 43 to 41. A motion to table the amendment prevailed, and the house concurred in the senate resolution by a vote of 81 to 1.

Representative Moxier's bill, with reference to legal advertising, makes the rate seventy-five cents per square for the first insertion and thirty-five cents for each additional insertion.

The Hilkiss bill to extend the terms of court and to give an additional judge in the counties of Blackford and Wells, Grant and Huntington, and Jay and Adams has been favorably reported by the committee on organization of courts.

Representative R. C. J. Pendleton, of Marion county, was yesterday appointed commissary general of the state by Governor Gray.

Senator Magee offered a resolution yesterday, which was adopted, expelling lobbyists and office-seekers from the floor of the senate.

The committee on education and agriculture of the assembly visited Purdue university.

Representative Boo's bill provides for the payment of miners twice per month and not twice per week as erroneously published.

There is a proposition to make a criminal court district out of LaPorte, St. Joseph and Elkhart counties.

Mr. Townsend, the colored member, made his maiden speech in the house. It was brief and to the point and indicated that he possessed more than ordinary ability as a debater, especially when the interests of his race are at stake.

A bill in the interest of the Union Railway company, known as the Malott bill, has been prepared and will soon be introduced, which embodies legislation necessary to build a new depot at Indianapolis. It gives to the company the requisite authority for the issuing of bonds, and explicitly defines the powers, duties and liabilities of the union corporation and the proprietary companies; also, to take the conveyances and release in fee simple or otherwise, of rights of way, and of such real estate as it may deem necessary for the purpose aforesaid, and may condemn in fee simple or otherwise, as much real estate and such rights of way as it may deem necessary for the purpose aforesaid or any of them.

BISMARCK is said to be worth only \$500,000, although he has been in politics all his life. German politics, it would appear, does not pay like the American.

WANTED—All persons to know that they can get gold mining, draining or sewer work done by calling on or addressing J. W. McMechan's supply store, city (pop. 60,000).

loan article. It is probably not an idle boast to say that the politics of this great and free country is the most profitable in the world.

This suppression of Mormonism goes bravely on. The authorities at Salt Lake have actually arrested one man for polygamy and are in search of another offender, for whom a warrant has been issued. At this gratifying rate of progress it will take only a few thousand years to crush out the Mormon institution completely.

Important Bids.

The following are the bids for the stone work on the Fort Wayne government building, together with the amount of each bid and the kind of stone to be used:

E. R. Braman & Co., \$38,849, Lamont stone; \$24,849, Ohio blue stone; \$31,084, Buff Amherst stone; \$28,003, Bedford stone.

Both & Keller, \$23,733, Stony Point stone; \$25,412, Bedford stone; \$25,675, Berea stone.

A. Neukom, \$24,874, Stony Point stone.

Hallowell Granite company, \$28,787, Bedford stone.

A. Dall, Jr., \$27,988, Ohio blue stone; \$28,388, Bedford and Ohio Blue stone; \$30,762, Ohio buff stone; \$31,161, Bedford and Ohio buff stone.

M. A. McGowan, \$29,116, Berea or Bedford stone.

W. D. Collingwood, \$30,300, Berea or Bedford stone; \$31,500, Amherst stone; \$30,600, Stony Point stone.

W. and J. J. Geake, \$24,599, Stony Point stone; \$20,831, Berea stone; \$29,731, Amherst stone; \$20,831, Oolitic stone.

If the Stony Point stone is approved Both & Keller get the contract.

William Meierling agrees to do the brick work for a little over \$9,000.

Remember a complete cure for aches, pains, sores, pimples, urinary sediments, disturbing dreams, nervousness, drowsiness, indigestion and general weakness of mind and body, brought on by improper habits or otherwise, is found in two or three bottles of Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, as has been proven by the experience of many who long suffered, but now feel well and strong in all parts of the body.

The city of South Bend has granted a franchise to the South Bend street railway company.

Doctors used to say "there is no cure for rheumatism." They scratch their heads now and say, "Well, there wasn't any till Athlophorus was discovered." That is frank. Some doctors use it altogether in their practice. They get the praise. Let them have it. Thousands besides them speak. Jennie Praeger, New Haven, Conn., writes: "Cannot thank you enough for Athlophorus. Had rheumatism in every joint; feet, hands and limb swollen, helpless all over; pain terrible. Family physician tried in vain to relieve me. My friends urged a trial of Athlophorus. I had no faith. Being induced I tried it. Strange to say, two doses gave relief from pain. Three bottles freed me from the disease and brought me out. Have had no return of it."

Strange you say. Not a bit of it. The right remedy was in hand. That was all there was of it. Athlophorus was discovered by a rheumatic and neuralgic sufferer—a scientist, a man who despaired of cure, yet who thought too much of nature to conclude that she was a niggard, and would bring ill she refused to cure. He struck it, not by accident but by coupling cause and results.

How well he struck it! W. C. Field, Cedar Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, testifies: "Had rheumatism for fifteen years, sometimes so bad I could not lie down. Had been in the drug business thirty years, and knew every remedy, regular and irregular. Tried all I could think of. Nothing did me good till I tried your Athlophorus. It gave ready relief and cured me. It cannot be recommended too highly for rheumatism and neuralgia."

Don't think it will cure everything, or anything than rheumatism and neuralgia. It isn't designed to. Cure-alls do to write about, but not to risk reputation on. Athlophorus is a specific, and for rheumatism and neuralgia only. Says Rev. Chas. E. Harris, pastor of M. E. church, in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "I sincerely testify to the valuable qualities of your rheumatic cure, Athlophorus. I have suffered from acute rheumatism. Supposed Athlophorus to be like the thousand and one other remedies till I tried it. It acted like a charm. I have been free from the disease ever since."

Another discovery of gold is reported in Clay township, Morgan county. Try Jones' \$2 Club Photo, warranted.

Dr. J. S. Jones' \$2 Club Photo

LOVE OR MONEY.

The Best Story of the Season.
(Continued from last Saturday.)

CHAPTER XVI.

REMINISCENCES.—THE FALSE ACUSER.—THE SECRET EXPLORER.

The secret hung on a thread. Hope, after denouncing Bartley, as we have described, was rushing across to Mary, and what he would have said or done in the first impulse of his wrath, who can tell?

But the quick-witted Bartley took the alarm, and literally collared him. "My good friend," said he, "you don't know the provocation. It is the affront to her that has made me forget myself. Affronts to myself from the same quarter I have borne with patience. But now this insolent man has tormented his son to court her, and that to her face; as if we wanted his son or him. Haven't I forbidden the connection?"

"We are agreed for once," said the Colonel, and carried his son off bodily, sore against his will.

"Yes," shrieked Bartley, after him; "only I did it like a gentleman, and did not insult the young man to his face for loving my daughter."

"Let me hear what Mary says," was Hope's reply.

"Mr. Hope," said Mary, "did you ever know Papa to be hard on me before? He is vexed because he feels I am lowered. We have both been grossly insulted, and he may well be in a passion. But I am very unhappy."

And she began to cry again.

"My poor child," said Bartley, coaxingly, "talk it all over with Mr. Hope. He may be able to comfort you, and, indeed, to advise me. For what can I do when the man calls me a sharper, a villain, and a knave, before his son and my daughter?"

"Is it possible?" said Hope, beginning to relent a little.

"It is true," replied Mary.

Bartley then drew Hope aside, and said, "See what confidence I place in you. Now show me my trust is not misplaced." Then he left them together.

Hope came to Mary and said, tenderly, "What can I say or do to comfort you?"

Mary shook her head. "I asked you to mend my prospects; but you can't do that. They are desperate. You can do nothing for me now but comfort me with your kind voice. And mend my poor wrist—hal! hal! oh! oh!" (Hysterical.)

"What?" cried Hope, in sudden alarm; "is it hurt? Is it sprained?"

Mary recovered her composure. "Oh no," said she, "only twisted a little. Papa was so rough."

Hope went into a rage again. "Perdition!" cried he. "I'll go and end this once for all."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said the quick-witted girl. "Oh, Mr. Hope, would you break my heart altogether, quarrelling with Papa?" Be reasonable. I tell you he couldn't help it; that old monster insulted him so. It hurts, for all that," said she, natively, and held him out a lovely white wrist with a red mark on it.

Hope inspected it. "Poor little wrist," said he. "I think I can cure it." Then he went into his office for something to bind it with.

But he had spoken those few words as one speaks to an afflicted child. There was a mellow softness and an indulgent paternity in his tones—and what more natural, the girl being in pain?

She was puzzling herself a little over this when Hope returned with a long thin band of white Indian cotton, steeped in water, and taking her hand gently, began to bind her wrist with great lightness and delicacy. And as he bound it he said, "There, the pain will soon go."

Mary looked at him full and said slowly, "I believe it will." Then, very thoughtfully, "It did—before."

These three simple words struck Hope as rather strange.

"It did before?" said he, and stared at her. "Why, when was that?"

Mary said, in a hopeless sort of way, "I don't know when, but long before your time."

"Before my time, Mary? What, are you older than me?" And he smiled sweetly on her.

"One would think not. But let me ask you a question; Mr. Hope?"

"Yes, Mary."

"Have you lived two lives?"

Said Hope, solemnly, "I have lived through great changes, but only one life."

"Well, then," said Mary, "I have lived two; or more likely it was one life, only some of it in another world—my other world, I mean."

Hope left off binding her wrist, and said, "I don't understand you." But his heart began to pant.

The words that passed between them were now so strange that both their voices sank into solemnity, and had an acute observer listened to them, he would have noticed that these two in low voices had similar beauties, and were pitched exactly in the same key, though there was, of course, an octave between them.

"Understand me? How should you? It is all so strange, so mysterious. I have never told a soul; but I will tell you. You won't laugh at me?"

"Laugh at you? Only fools laugh at what they don't understand. Why, Mary, I hang on every word you say with breathless interest."

"Dear Mr. Hope! Well, then, I will tell you. Sometimes in the silent night, when the present does not grieve at one, the past comes back to me dimly, and I seem to have lived two lives; one long, one short,—too short. My long life in a comfortable house, with servants and carriages and all. My short life in different places; not comfortable places, but large places; all was free and open, and there was always a kind voice in my ear—like yours; and a tender touch—like yours."

Hope was restraining himself with difficulty, and here he could not help uttering a faint exclamation.

To cover it he took her wrist again, and bending his head over it, he said, almost in a whisper, "And the face?"

Mary's eyes turned inward, and she seemed to scan the past.

"The face?" said she—"the face I cannot recall. But one thing I do remember clearly. This is not the first time my wrist—yes—and it was my right wrist too—has been bound up so tenderly. He did it for me in that other world, just as you do in this one."

Hope now thrilled all over at this most unexpected revelation. But though he glowed with delight and curiosity, he put on a calm voice and manner and

begged her to tell him everything else she could remember that happened in that other life.

Finding him so serious, so sympathetic, and so interested, put this remarkable girl on her mettle. She began to think very hard, and show that intense power of attention she had always in reserve for great occasions.

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Let me see."

Then she paused.

"I remember—White stones."

A pause.

"Were they swans?"

"Or ships?"

"They floated down the river to the sea."

She paused.

"And the kind voice beside me said,

"Darling! Papa never calls me darling."

"Yes, yes," whispered Hope, almost panting.

"Darling, we must go with them to some other land, for we are poor."

She paused and thought hard. "Poor we must have been; very poor. I can see that now that I am rich."

"Then say no more," said Mary, almost severely.

"At all events give me a kiss at parting."

Mary gave him that directly, but it was not a warm one.

He galloped away upon his errand, and as she paced slowly back toward Mr. Hope's office she was a good deal put out. What should she say to Mr. Hope now? She could not defy Walter's evident wishes, and make a clean breast of the matter. Then she asked herself what was Walter's objection; she couldn't conceive why he was afraid to trust Mr. Hope. It was a perfect puzzle to her.

Indeed this was a most unfortunate dialogue between her and Walter, for it set her mind speculating and guessing at Walter's mind, and thinking all manner of things just at the moment when an enemy, smooth as the old serpent, was watching for an opportunity to make mischief and poison her mind.

Leonard Monckton, who had long been hanging about, waiting to catch her alone, met her returning from Walter Clifford, and took off his hat very respectfully to her, and said,

"Miss Bartley, I think."

Mary lifted her eyes, and saw an elderly man with a pale face and dark eyebrows and a cast of countenance quite unlike that of any of her friends. His face repelled her directly, and she said, very coldly:

"Yes, sir; but I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

And she quietly passed on.

Monckton affected not to see that she was declining to communicate with him. He walked on quietly, and said:

"And I have not seen you since you were a child, but I had the honor of knowing your mother."

"You knew my mother, sir?"

"Knew her and respected her."

"What was she like, sir?"

"She was tall, and rather dark, not like you."

"So I have heard," said Mary. "Well, sir," said she, for his voice was ingratiating, and had modified the effect of his criminal countenance, "as you knew my mother, you are welcome to me."

The artist in deceit gave a little sigh, and said, "That's more than all I dare hope. For I am here upon a most unpleasant commission; but for my respect for your mother I would not have undertaken it, for really my acquaintance with the other lady is but slight."

But the sweet girl who so surprised that many tears, had not the key. She was shocked, surprised, distressed. She burst out crying directly from blind sympathy; and then she took herself to task. "Oh, Mr. Hope! what have I done?" All I have touched some chord of memory. Wicked, artful girl, to distract you with my dreams."

"Distress me!" cried Hope. "These tears you have drawn from me are pearls of memory and drops of balm to my sore, tired heart. I, too, have lived and struggled in a by-gone world. I had a lovely child; she made me rich in my poverty, and happy in my homelessness. She left me."

"Poor Mr. Hope!"

Then I went abroad, drugged in foreign mines, came home and saw my child again in you. I need no fairy wand to revive the past; you are my fairy—your sweet words recall those by-gone scenes; and wealth, ambition, all I live for now, vanishes into smoke.

The years themselves roll back, and all is once more peace—and poverty—and love."

"Who is that?" said Mary, on her guard directly.

"It is a Mr. Walter Clifford."

"Walter Clifford?" said Mary. "You are a slanderer; he is incapable of deceit."

"Is the consent of some other person necessary?"

"Not exactly necessary, Mr. Hope."

"But advisable."

Monckton nodded her head.

"Then take your time," said Hope.

He took out his watch, and said: "I want to go to the mine. My right-hand man reports that a ruffian has been caught lighting his pipe in the most dangerous part after due warning. I must stop that game at once, or we shall be a fatal accident. But I will be back in half an hour. You can rest in my office if you are here first. It is nice and cool."

Hope hurried away on his errand, and Mary was still looking after him, when she heard horses' feet, and up came Walter Clifford, escaped from his father. He slipped off his horse directly at sight of Mary, and they came together like steel and magnet.

"Understand me? How should you? It is all so strange, so mysterious. I have never told a soul; but I will tell you. You won't laugh at me?"

"Laugh at you? Only fools laugh at what they don't understand. Why, Mary, I hang on every word you say with breathless interest."

"Dear Mr. Hope! Well, then, I will tell you. Sometimes in the silent night, when the present does not grieve at one, the past comes back to me dimly, and I seem to have lived two lives; one long, one short,—too short. My long life in a comfortable house, with servants and carriages and all. My short life in different places; not comfortable places, but large places; all was free and open, and there was always a kind voice in my ear—like yours; and a tender touch—like yours."

Hope was restraining himself with difficulty, and here he could not help uttering a faint exclamation.

To cover it he took her wrist again, and bending his head over it, he said, almost in a whisper, "And the face?"

Mary's eyes turned inward, and she seemed to scan the past.

"The face?" said she—"the face I cannot recall. But one thing I do remember clearly. This is not the first time my wrist—yes—and it was my right wrist too—has been bound up so tenderly. He did it for me in that other world, just as you do in this one."

Hope now thrilled all over at this most unexpected revelation. But though he glowed with delight and curiosity, he put on a calm voice and manner and

wife, and let me take Mr. Hope into our confidence."

To Mary's surprise and disappointment, Walter's countenance fell.

"I don't know," said he, after a pause.

"Unfortunately it's not Mr. Bartley that's against us."

"Well, but, dear," said Mary, "the more people there are against us, the more we need one powerful friend and champion. Now you know Mr. Hope is a man that everybody loves and respects, even your father."

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed, and left off binding her wrist; and now he literally hung upon her words.

Then she took one step away from him; her bright eyes veiled themselves, and seemed to see nothing external, but looked into the recesses of the brain. Her forehead, her hand, her very body thought, and we must try, though it is almost hopeless, to convey some faint idea of her manner and her words.

"Then you must not touch me now speak to me," said she. "The past is such a mist."

He obeyed,

Words of Warning and Comfort.

If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer if you are alone, ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, it is often the case.

If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the lost, anywhere and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old,

blood thin and impure, pulses

feeble, nerves irascible, faculties

wasting, Hop Bitters will do what you used to

give you new life, health, and vigor.

If you are constipated, or dyspeptic or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your

own fault if you remain ill. If

you are wasting away with any form of kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter or a resident of,

a miasmatic district, barricade your sys-

tem against the scourge of all countries—

Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Intermit-

—tent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, plump, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health.

\$50 will be paid for cases they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said I to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady.

"By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich

blood, young health. It did it for me to

see you observe."

"None genuine without a bunch of green

leaves on the white label. Shut all the viles,

pellicous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their

name."

A CHILD!

TALLBOTON, GA., Sept. 12, 1884.—My little daughter, a few years old, broke out—when I have three weeks with what the doctor called eczema, lesions on the head and gradually spreading over his whole body. He was treated for five years or more by various physicians without relief, and the little boy's health was completely broken down. About a year ago he was introduced to Dr. Swift's Specific, and two bottles cured him—sound and well, and there has been no sign of a return of the disease.

Poisoned by a Nurse.

Some eight years ago I was infected with poison by a nurse who infected my babe with blood taint. The little child lingered along until it was about two years old, when it finally yielded up its mortal poison. For so long a time I was suffering, and the doctor I was covered with sores and ulcers from head to foot, and in my great extremity I prayed to God. No language can express my feelings of woe during these long six years. I had the best medical treatment. Several physicians were consulted, but none could find the cause. The Mercury and Putum seemed to add fuel to the awful flame which was devouring me. About three months ago I was advised try Swift's Specific, and gain relief.

We SSS live in my town, and I have had no hope at all. We had spent so much for medical treatment that we were too poor to buy. Oh, the agony of that moment! Health and happiness with you in your reach, but too poor to grasp it. I applied, however, to the one who was willing and able to help me, and that was Dr. Swift's Specific, and now sound and well once more. Swift's Specific is the best blood purifier in the world, and it is the greatest blessing of the age.

Mrs. T. W. Lee, Greenville, Ala.

A Druggist for 25 Years.

AUBURN, ALA., Sept. 8, 1884.—I am an old pharmacist, and have had to do largely with blood diseases for over twenty years. I have sold in this kind of blood purifiers, and have been a great success. Dr. Swift's Specific is the best and has given general satisfaction than any other I have ever handled. Last year a student came to my store emanated and covered with sores. I recommended Dr. Swift's Specific, and he soon got well. Dr. Swift's Specific is the best blood purifier in the world, and it is the greatest blessing of the age.

Mrs. T. W. Lee, Greenville, Ala.

Treaties on blood and skin diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

HUMPHREYS & GEROW

SLATE ROOFERS,

Fort Wayne, Ind.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED WA-
TERPROOF.

April 12, 1884.

CATARRH CREAM BALM.

ELYS CREAM BALM.

Cleanses the Head.

Alloys Inflammation.

Heals the Sores.

Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.

A quick and Positive Cure.

50cts. at drugstore.

10cts. a pound for cigar box.

Sample by mail 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists Owego, N. Y.

A. SULLIVAN,

—DEALER IN—

Hard and Soft Coal

Blacksmith Coal,

Long and Short Wood.

Delivered to any part of the city, office and

corner Grant and Oliver streets opp. P.

F. W. & C. coal yard. Telephone 215, 1827.

A PRIZE!

Send six cents for post-

box of good, which will help all,

other sox, to more money right away.

Anything else in this world. Fortune awaits

the worker absolutely sure. At once address

Mr. & Co., Augusta, Ga.

March 12, 1884.

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1885.

REFLECTIONS

Of the Life Present and to Come,

As Mirrored by the Laver and Looking-glass of the Gospel.

Pointing Out Our Deformities and Revealing Our Imperfections.

A Beautiful Symbol of the Truths of Redemption and Salvation.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon Sunday was: "The Looking-glass of the Gospel." The opening hymn was:

"There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

The text was Exodus xxxviii, 8: "And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it of brass of the looking-glass of the women assembling."

We often hear, said Dr. Talmage, about the gospel in John and the gospel in Luke and the gospel in Matthew, but there is just as surely a gospel of Moses and a gospel of Jeremiah and a gospel of David. In other words, Christ is as certainly to be found in the old testament as in the new. When the Israelites were marching through the wilderness they carried their church with them. They called it the Tabernacle. It was a pitched tent; very costly, very beautiful. The frame work was made of forty-eight boards of acacia wood, set in sockets of silver. The curtains of the place were of purple and scarlet and blue and fine linen, and were hung with most artistic loops. The candlestick of that tabernacle had shaft and branch and bowl of solid gold, and the figures of cherubim that stood there had rings of gold, and lamps of gold, and snuffers of gold, and tongs of gold, and rings of gold, so that skepticism has sometimes asked, "Where did all that precious material come from?" It is not my place to furnish the precious stones, it is only to tell that they were there.

I wish now more especially to speak of the laver that was built in the midst of that ancient tabernacle. It was a great basin from which the priests washed their hands and feet. The water came down from the basin in spouts and passed away after cleansing. This laver or basin was made out of the looking-glasses of the women who had frequented the tabernacle, and who had made these their contribution to the furniture. These looking-glasses were not made of glass, but they were brazen. The brass was of a very superior quality and polished until it reflected easily the features of those who looked into it. So that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text did double work; it not only furnished the water in which the priests washed themselves, but it also on its shining polished surface pointed out the spots of pollution on the face which needed ablution. Now, my Christian friends, as everything in that ancient tabernacle was suggestive of religious truth, and for the most part positively symbolic of truth, I shall take that laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text as all suggestive of the gospel, which first shows us our sins as in a mirror and then washes them away by divine ablution.

"Oh, happy day, happy day. When Jesus washed my sins away." I have to say that this is the only looking-glass in which a man can see himself as he is. There are some mirrors that flatter the features and make you look better than you are. Then there are other mirrors that distort your features and make you look worse than you are. But I want to tell you that this looking-glass of the gospel knows a man just as he is. When the priests entered the ancient tabernacle one glance at the harnessed side of this laver showed them their need of cleansing. So this gospel shows the soul its need of divine washing. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" that is one showing. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray;" that is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us;" that is another showing. The world calls these defects, imperfections or eccentricities, or erratic behavior, or "wild oats," or "high living;" but the gospel calls them sin, transgression, filth, the abominable thing that God hates. It was just one glance at that mirror that made Paul cry out: "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and that made David cry out: "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean;" and made Martin Luther cry out: "Oh, my sins, my sins!" I am not talking about bad habits. You and I do not need any Bible to tell us that bad habits are wrong; that blasphemy and evil-speaking are wrong. But I am talking of a sinful nature, the source of all bad thoughts as well as all bad ac-

tion. The Apostle Paul calls their roll in the first chapter of Romans. They are a regiment of death encamping around every heart, holding it in a tyranny from which nothing but the grace of God can deliver.

Here, for instance, is ingratitude. Who has not been guilty of that sin? If a man hands us a glass of water, we say, "Thank you." But for the ten thousand

times that we are every day receiving

from the hand of God how little expres-

sions of gratitude—for thirst slaked, for

hunger fed, for shelter and sunshine and

sound sleep and clothes to wear—how

little thanks! I suppose there are men

fifty years of age who have never yet

been down on their knees in thanksgiving

to God for his goodness. Besides that

ingratitude of our hearts there is a

pride—who has not felt it?—pride that

will not submit to God, that wants its

own way—a nature that prefers wrong

sometimes instead of right; that prefers

to wallow instead of to rise up. I do not

care what you call that; I am not going

to quarrel with any theologian or any

man who makes pretensions to theology.

I do not care whether you call it total

depravity or something else; I simply

make the announcement. God's

word affirmed and confirmed by the ex-

perience of hundreds of people in this

house, the imagination of the heart of

man is evil from youth: "There is none

that doeth good; no, not one."

We have been born bad nature. We were born with

it. We got it from our parents; they got

it from their parents. Our thoughts are

wrong. Our action is wrong.

Our whole life is obnoxious to God before conversion, and after conversion not one good

thing in us but that which the grace of

God has planted and fostered. "Well," you

say, "I can't believe that to be so."

Ah, my dear brother, that's because you have

never looked into this laver of looking-

glasses.

If you could catch a glimpse of your

natural heart before God, you would cry

out in amazement and alarm. The very

first thing this gospel does is to cut down

our pride and self-sufficiency.

If a man does not feel his lost and ruined condition before God, he does not want any

gospel. I think the reason that there

are so few conversions in this day is be-

cause the tendency of the preaching is to

make men believe that they are pretty

good any how—quite clever, only want-

ing a little fitting up—a few touches of

divine grace, and then you will be all

right; instead of proclaiming the broad

deep truth that Payson and Baxter and

Whitfield thundered to a race trembling

on the verge of infinite and eternal disas-

ter. "Now," says some one, "can this

really be true? Have we all gone astray?

Is there no good in us?" In Hampton

court I saw a room where the four walls

were covered with looking-glasses, and it

made no difference which way you

looked you saw yourself. And so it is in

this gospel of Christ. If you once step

within its fell precincts you will find your

whole character reflected, every feature

of moral deformity, every spot of moral

taint. If I understand the word of God, its

first announcement is that we are lost.

I care not, my brethren, how magnificently you may have been born,

or what may have been your heredity or ancestry, you are lost by reason of sin. "But," you say, "what is the use of all this—showing a man's

faults when he can't get rid of them?"

None. What is the use of that bur-

nished surface to this laver of

the text, if it only showed the spots on the countenances and

the need of washing, and there was nothing

to wash with? Glory be to God, I find that

this laver of looking-glasses was filled with

fresh water every morning, and the

Itching Diseases

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1885.

THE CITY.

Hon. Morris Cody is quite sick.
Mrs. J. K. McFadden is quite ill.
The Old's wheel works are temporarily closed.

The Wabash pay car may come Wednesday.

A Pittsburgh mail car was left here this morning for repairs.

A new book keeper is to be employed at the French brewery.

Judge S. M. Hench will shortly visit the world's fair at New Orleans.

The county commissioners are in session to-day as board of health.

A magnificent new Pullman car went east over the Pittsburgh road this morning.

George Bruner, of Wabash, has secured a position in a shoe store in this city.

It is again "fashionable" to prosecute school teachers for punishing vicious youngsters.

The Monroe township fox hunt was not a success. The weather was not balmy enough.

Will McKinnie's pacing horse "Billy F" carried off the honors on the snow yesterday afternoon.

Capt. J. B. White writes his son, Mr. John White, from Hot Springs that his health is much improved.

The last Pullman palace car excursion for San Francisco will leave Toledo via Wabash railway, February 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Romington entertained a large party of friends in a royal way at the Robinson house last night.

The "Crimes of London" party were in the city again to-day on route from Columbia City to Van Wert, where they appear to-night.

The "Gath" and Talmage lectures will be one of the treats of the season. Parties from surrounding towns are forming to attend both lectures.

Sidewalks should be cleaned and Street Superintendent O'Brien tells us he will file affidavits against all who do not comply with the law.

Prof. W. F. Heath gave an organ recital yesterday afternoon to the Grammar school pupils and their friends. Prof. Otto Schmidt assisted.

Mr. C. F. Pfeiffer, of the Ninth ward, fell from a sleigh yesterday and fractured the bones of an arm. Dr. W. H. Meyer put the limb in splints.

February 4th, the Harrison-Gourley company appear at the Temple in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," and on the 7th, the "Power of Money" combination.

The Wabash company has leased its shop at Moberly, Mo., to the Missouri car and foundry company, and will hereafter purchase its casting of that company at a stipulated price per ton.

M. S. Philey, the popular agent of the Lake Shore road, gives much of his attention to the R. R. Y. M. C. A. during the absence of Secretary Moore, with whom he is in constant communication.

It may interest Catholic Knights here to know that the Catholic Knights of Wisconsin threaten to secede from the national organization unless the death assessments are made proportionate to their membership.

Superintendent Stevens is making efforts to secure the local newspapers published along the line of the road for the use of the patients at the Danville hospitals. A number of publishers have generously offered to send them free.

Warren Regan attempted to clean out the cash-boy force at the Fruit House yesterday and succeeded in knocking a kid out when Marshal Mayer locked him up. He is now in jail. The "fellow was locked up some time ago for the theft of copper.

The Antwerp, Ohio, *Argus* says that a handsome and talented young lady in Fort Wayne announces that she will marry any nice young man who will take her to the New Orleans exposition. That is all very well, but she makes no pretension about coming back with him, friend *Argus*, says the *Warsaw Times*.

The indications for the lower lake region as reported by the weather bureau at Washington to THE SENTINEL are as follows: Warmer weather with snow, followed by clearing; Sunday by colder, clearing weather, falling barometer; eastern portion, falling followed by rising; western portion, south shifting to westerly winds.

The Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis telegraph: "A. F. Glutting, well known real estate dealer and politician of Fort Wayne, is here and will marry Miss Katie Kranckopf before he leaves. Miss Kranckopf formerly lived at Peru, but has been a resident of this city since her father has been in government service in the treasury department." The marriage ceremony will be solemnized next Tuesday and Mr. Glutting's friends will telegraph congratulations.

Monday, January 26th. The Greatest of all Melodramas, in Five Acts, The

Crimes of London.

Act 1—Worthington Bridge at Midnight.

Act 2—Mother Cluck's Den.

Act 3—Newgate Prison.

Act 4—The Snod of Iron.

Act 5—The Poor's Palace.

MRS. FANNY BERNARD,

Formerly of Fort Wayne, and a brilliant蛾。

Box office opens Friday at 11 a.m. No advance in price. Best seats, 75 cents.

Mrs. A. D. V. Conover, wife of a former city editor of the *News*, is quite ill.

Frank Fornier was fined \$25 for disturbing a church meeting on Holman street.

Wabash passenger train 42 was delayed two hours this morning by the snow storm.

Representative McHenry and his friend, Mr. Felt, visited Purdue university Thursday.

Frank Falker is in the city. Frank was at Logansport when Sheriff Nelson captured Kelly Frazee.

James Hawes, the well-known foreman of the Pittsburg boiler shop, is wrestling at home with a severe cold.

The supreme court has affirmed the decision of Judge O'Rourke in the case of Samuel Cartwright vs. George Yaw.

Nicholas Heckler was drunk yesterday and Deputy Marshal Brandt locked him up. He went to jail this morning.

Next Monday evening a special meeting of the Northern Indiana Poultry Association occurs at Welch & Baker's office.

Captain Isaac d'Iazy was chosen temporary secretary at the National Real Estate convention that met at New Orleans last Tuesday.

Mr. Henry Colerick has a card in a morning paper and nicely disposes of the arguments advanced against his bill by Mr. P. S. O'Rourke.

We learn from Rev. S. A. Northrop, secretary of the pastors' meeting, that it is definitely arranged that the great evangelist, D. L. Moody, will be here the 20th and 21st of February. The object of this convention is for the Christian workers in the city and northeastern Indiana.

The death list for the week is as follows: Sarah Mayer, aged 42 years, inflammation of the bowels; Susan Waters, aged 28, consumption; Daniel Smith, aged 61, consumption; Clarance Hakes, aged 5 months, convulsions; Charles Robbins, aged 35 years, consumption; William Hinen, aged 3 years, croup.

Kit Clark, managing the "Adamless Eden" combination, was capsized at Indianapolis Thursday night by the Dobbs Bros., of Richmond, for failing to meet an engagement in that city on the 19th inst. Clarke denied the liability, and there was a midnight trial before a catch-as-catch-can jury in "Squire Pebleman's" court. The jury failed to agree.

WAR ON THE RINKS.

The Ministers to Inaugurate it on Better Skating as Virtuous, Healthful and Decent.

Skating rinks are now to come in for a general condemnation from the minister of the city. The craze, they say, is antagonistic to religious training and a foe to modest social life and profitable pursuits. The accidents attendant on the skating business tends to make girls bold and destroys that modesty so beautiful in woman. They give degraded characters an opportunity to mingle with respectable people. Appointments between young men and young girls to meet at the rinks are of common occurrence, and acquaintances are made without the supervision of parents and under circumstances that often lead to no good and much harm. The tendency is to continue until late hours in the evening, breaking up home habits and running risks of impaired health. Opportunities for indiscretions in going and coming, often the first steps towards vice, are greatly multiplied. Parents who have tried to confine the acquaintance of their children to a wisely selected circle, find all limitations disregarded and a recklessness, which overthrows months of training and anxious care, stimulated.

KELEY FRAZEE.

He Refuses to Implicate Himself in the Train Wrecking Scare—Other Crooked Work Coming Up.

Sheriff Nelson last night had a long interview with Kelly Frazee, but the slick crook would not say a word to implicate himself in the train wrecking business.

"We worked Scott," said Frazee, "and got about \$50 out of him."

"How about your counterfeit operations?" said the sheriff.

"Well, that's all right, my boy. Let's put that with the train wrecking and say we know nothing about it. I don't wreck trains or shove the queer. My forte is faro."

The sheriff tells us that Frazee was in the habit of going against the "tiger," and his face is familiar in gaming rooms here. Some time ago Frazee came to town and put \$10 in the First National bank, receiving a certificate of deposit. The next day he called and said he lost the certificate and wanted the money. The bank officials did not do that kind of business and later a well-known gambler appeared and presented the paper duly endorsed by Frazee. Mr. Nelson was told of the affair but Frazee left the city.

The fellow has as yet employed no counsel and is not likely to as he only says he can prove he was at Logansport

the night of the Wabash wreck. His preliminary examination occurs before Justice Ryan Monday, and then Scott will testify against his accomplice.

THE PILGRIM.

What He Sees and Hears in His Peregrinations and Perambulations About Town.

The young lady who wrote a poem on "the beautiful snow," is hereby notified that it was frozen en route to the office, and she is respectfully requested to call and thaw it out.

Bald heads are reflective. Reflective objects must be light. Possibly it is for this reason that the front rows will be reserved for the bald heads at the anatomical show to-night.

There is a citizen of Fort Wayne who for three years has bought tickets to nearly every drawing in the Louisiana lottery and he has not yet drawn a cent. "I have invested \$112 in lottery tickets without one cent's return," he said in a conversation the other day.

"Just let me catch him—drat him, and I'll teach him something," exclaimed an irate individual, pounding his sides with his hands to promote circulation, last Thursday.

"Catch who?" asked the Pilgrim. "The idiot who prophesied that this would be an open winter."

The church bells may ring out an invitation to attend religious services, but in these days when a Waterbury watch can be bought for a trifle the Pilgrim suggests that the watch will be as effective and not half so noisy. The clanging of a half a hundred bells is anything but soothing to the pain-racked invalid.

"There was a very sad thing in connection with the recent railroad strike which the newspaper have not mentioned," remarked an old printer to the Pilgrim.

"Really; what is it?"

"The annoyance to professional tourists."

"I don't understand," said the perplexed Pilgrim.

"The tramps. Freight trains were not running and the walking was miserably bad."

"We failed in getting two accessions to our church by ecumenical technicalities, as it were," remarked a Fort Wayne clergyman to the Pilgrim yesterday. "One became a brother-in-law to the church, that is his wife joined, and he was also to become a member. He asked for financial aid and when it was refused him said he would go to a church which would support him. The other was under conviction. I know he was by the way he acted. But he came to the church one night and left before the congregation was dismissed and took the preacher's overshoes with him. I saw him on Calhoun street afterwards and he had the same shoes on. They were too big for him and were fastened on by a string tied over the ankles. By the way, I see a morning paper says that Sister Woodward is a Methodist. I wish you would correct that statement. She belongs to what is known as the 'Church of God.'"

Said a young lady prominent in Fort Wayne society, "It may be wicked, but I do hate to see young ladies from a distance visiting in our city."

"Why," said the astonished Pilgrim.

"There are so few young men here who ever make society calls at the best," she replied, "and strange ladies receive all those calls, while we home girls are totally neglected. I don't mean to say that the company of strangers is any more acceptable to the company of the young men, who only call because they think it is a duty due the visitors, but I mean that the young men whose company we would like make so few evening calls at best that I would hate to see them monopolized by aliens. The fact of the matter is," she added reflectively, "it is only the dukes who make a practice of visiting regularly. Other young men are too much occupied with their business to waste time visiting the ladies."

"

Standing in a leading book store on Calhoun street shortly before Christmas the Pilgrim noticed that nearly one half of the customers purchased books. Closer observation revealed the fact, however, that most of the purchases were of volumes designed expressly for gifts, and whose merits consisted in gaudy bindings and profuse illustrations rather than in excellencies of contents. In a subsequent conversation he asked the proprietor if they had a reliable trade in standard literary works.

"You would be surprised at the small number of people who buy works of standard literature outside of novels," he replied. "There are an hundred citizens in Fort Wayne who boast of what they call libraries and a number of those don't know whether Chaucer was a poet or an essayist, or whether Huxley is a scientist or an historian. I have had men tell me that they wanted a certain history to complete their libraries and when asked whose history they wanted would reply, 'Oh, any one, it don't make any difference.'

"The worst feature about it though,"

he continued, "is the trade in story papers and blood and thunder literature."

Would you believe that I sell over 2,000 illustrated weeklys containing nothing but trashy love stories, and more than that number of detective and Indian stories every week. Well I do. There is scarcely a school boy in town who don't read such stuff. Taking these figures as a basis and presuming the other stores do as much in proportion, you can get a fair idea of what a large number of our citizens feed their brains with. No wonder that there is such a thing as mental atrophy, is it?"

"It would be well," said the editor-in-chief of THE SENTINEL, yesterday, to the Pilgrim, "in view of the fact that it is one month till the anniversary of George Washington's birthday, to interview prominent citizens upon the subject of celebrating that event. Acting upon that suggestion the Pilgrim obtained the following:

Judge Hench. "George Washington, eh? O, yes. You mean the man I sent up for stealing horses. By referring to the docket you will get the exact date."

Mayor Zollinger. "Great lobbyist was Washington. In fact I got some of my ideas about lobbying from him. But don't give it away. Celebrate, of course."

Henry Colerick. "Knew George, well. Used to call him Georgie for short. What? dead? You don't say. When's the funeral?"

Deacon Keil. "Celebrate by all means. George Washington was a very truthful man; very truthful, indeed. It was his well-known veracity that inspired me to have painted upon the United States mail wagon that the *Gazette* is the leading newspaper of Northern Indiana."

Colonel John Scott. "What'll you have? Bar-keeper set 'em out. I tell you as a friend, young man, if you want to celebrate Washington's birthday do it in the Temple. Best place in town; and, seein' as it's you, will throw bill posting in without extra charge."

Auditor Griebel, in a whisper. "S-s-h. Don't ever divulge it. I have got his hatchet."

Hon. Robert Bell. "Speaking of George Washington reminds me of a little anecdote. When I was south—Hon? Hold on there! Dash the fellow, he has gone."

Treasurer Dalman. "Don't know him. You might find his name on the list of the association."

Marshal Meyer. "Name seems kinder familiar. Never on the force, was he?"

We will celebrate.

The Guster in Poetry.

1. Quartet. Selected Baptist Choir.

2. Cello solo—"Romance" Gotteman.

3. Gypsy Chant. Miss Alice Dickie and Stella Lawrence.

4. Solo—"Waiting" with violin accompaniment. Millard Mrs. Northrop.

5. Recitation—"Painter of Seville" Miss Margaret Bittner.

6. Violin solo—"Fantasia" Vloukamps Prof. Schmidt.

7. Solo—"The Message" Blumenthal.

8. Solo—"Mountains on the Danube" Selected Solo.

9. Solo—"Good Night" Miss Ida Kolleg.

10. Trio—Good Night Mrs. Northrop, Mrs. Goodwin and Miss Lawrence.

The *Democrat* says: "Miss Alice Coombs, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Fort Wayne, spent Sunday in this city, the guest of Misses Studabaker."

ASKED TO WALK.

George S. Fowler and a Friend Step into a Local Railroad Official and Have Their Passage Picked.

The Union Association of Ohio lumbermen recently held a meeting at Springfield, preparatory to making a tour of the Michigan lumber regions. Among those present were George S. Fowler, of this city, now traveling for the Grand Rapids road, and Guy D. Alexander, a Chicago patron of the road. The excursion party arranged to go to Michigan, and the Toledo Bee tells the rest of the story: "When the tickets for the complimentary excursion which had been tendered the association by the Indians, Bloomington and Western, Wheeling and Lake Erie, Michigan and Ohio, and Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan railroads to Muskegon and return were distributed, both Mr. Alexander and Mr. Fowler, were supplied. Neither had intended to go on the excursion, but they finally decided to accept the courteous invitation which the tickets bore, and accordingly arrived in Toledo with the party yesterday afternoon. Right here it may be stated in parenthesis that the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, which Mr. Fowler represents, is a competitor to some extent of the M. and O., and the lumber company represented by Mr. Alexander is one of the best patrons. When the excursion train reached Toledo, Mr. Bernard McHugh, the general freight and passenger agent of the M. and O. politely informed these gentlemen that their company could be dispensed during the balance of the trip. It is needless to say that the gentlemen were very much surprised at being so unceremoniously bounced from the party, and upon stating the cause to a number of the members of the association, the latter expressed the greatest indignation and were on the point of refusing themselves to continue the trip. Messrs. Alexander and Fowler would not hear of this, however, and promising to join the party in Muskegon, left their company, proceeding on their journey via Detroit, at 5 o'clock last evening."

Miss Stella Lawrence Benefits.

Following is the program of the complimentary concert to be given by Miss Stella Lawrence and other well known local talent to-night, at the First Baptist church:

1. Quartet. Selected Baptist Choir.

2. Cello solo—"Romance" Gotteman.

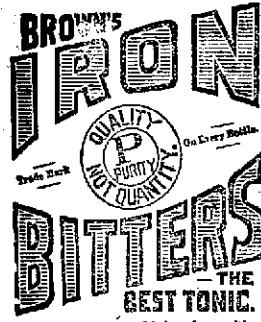
3. Gypsy Chant. Miss Alice Dickie and Stella Lawrence.

4. Solo—"Waiting" with violin accompaniment. Millard Mrs. Northrop.

5. Recitation—"Painter of Seville" Miss Margaret Bittner.

6. Violin solo—"Fantasia" Vloukamps Prof. Schmidt.

7. Solo—"The Message" Blumenthal.



This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, indirectly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Insanity, Nervousness, Diabetes, Cholera and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unerring remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It cures the teeth, cures headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do*. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Neuralgia, Neuralgia, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c. It has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by **SHAW'S HERBAL CO.**, BALTIMORE, MD.

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1885.

The Only Papers in the City That Receive Fresh News.

FOOT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 8. This is to certify that THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL and the Fort Wayne Gazette are the only newspapers in the city of Fort Wayne that are members of the Western Associated Press.

O. L. PEIRCE,
Manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Celebrated
Kennedy Crackers,
Sold only at the

YANKEE GROCERY. [24-1n]
\$2 Cab. Photos, at Hamilton gallery.
Try Jones' \$2 Cab. Photos, warranted.
\$2 Cab. Photos, at Hamilton gallery.
Pictures copied and enlarged at Jones'.

A woman in Ohio gave \$1,000 to a faith cure doctor who at once disappeared. She was cured—for her faith.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism. This is abundant reason for belief that it will cure you. Try it.

Kitty Lambert, a South Bend trotting mare, that cost \$1,500 has been sold in Chicago for \$500.

He died of rheumatism and she raised a monument for his sake. St. Jacobs Oil would have cured his ache.

Ally Hancock was found guilty of horse stealing at Anderson, and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

Quack doctors, electric belt and other swindlers who live by frightening our young men and young women by nasty streakers, will find their occupations gone when it becomes generally known that Dr. Guy's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is a certain good for all weakness of the urinary organs, nervousness, etc. Obey the laws of health, take a few bottles of this simple remedy and you will soon be restored to perfect manhood and womanhood, free from all torment of mind and distress of body.

Judgments aggregating \$65,877.15 have been rendered against the banking firm of Hyatt, Loving & Co., of Washington.

Buy B. H. Douglass & Son's Capsicum Cough Drops for your children; they are harmless, pleasing to the taste and will cure their colds. D. S. and trade mark on every drop.

In relation to the ventilation of bed-rooms Horace Mann used to say that since the atmosphere was forty miles deep all round the globe, it was useless to breathe it more than once.

Demosthenes, the Greek orator, cured his stammering by having his mouth full of pebbles, and many are the mediocre orators who have cured their stammering by an occasional dose of Dr. Bull's cough syrup.

Said a colored brother to one of the guests of a New York hotel the other day: "We sellers have a more dolorous lard than any other day."

A household friend. There is hardly a family in which accidents of some kind are not occurring daily. In order to be prepared for such emergencies, every household should have Poult's extract at hand. By its use immediate and sure relief is obtained. Its wonderful healing power for all kinds of cuts, bruises, swellings, sprains, scrofula, pustules, aches, etc., has been satisfactorily attested by thousands of testimonials received during the last fifty years. Go to your druggist and ask for Poult's extract. Take no substitute, but have the genuine article.

Bismarck says that "it was a long time before my poor mother could be persuaded that in hatching me she had not produced a gander."

A CAND.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. Joseph T. INMAN, Ste. 100, New York.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Squire Cy Schaff, of Arcola, is in the city.

T. E. Ellison was at Indianapolis yesterday.

Judge L. M. Ninde was a guest of the Grand hotel, Indianapolis, yesterday.

Mrs. George W. W. Whiteacre, of Huntington, is the guest of Mrs. John Little, Jr.

R. J. Fisher, treasurer of the Bass foundry and machine works, went to St. Louis last night.

Misses Ida and Jennie Kirkham, of this city, are guests of Misses Sarah and Emma Wilhelm, at Bluffton.

C. L. Gilbert, a teacher at Lima, Ohio, is in the city to visit his wife, who resides with her father, Dr. Fisher.

Mr. N. Evans and family, and Mrs. Mary Aaron Smith, of Reno, Nevada, are in the city the guests of Mrs. C. S. Knight.

Win S. Bush left last night for San Antonio, Texas. En route home he will visit the New Orleans exposition and return with Mrs. Bush.

Miss Alice S. Hartman, a charming young lady of Gilman, Iowa, arrived in the city to-day and will be the guest of her cousin, Deputy County Clerk Souder. Miss Hartman has been on an extended eastern trip visiting relatives.

George Conder, D. W. Lawrence, A. H. Levy, W. W. Ward, New York; L. C. Pease, Columbus, Ohio; S. W. Baird, Portsmouth; O. R. Clark and lady, New York; A. J. Webster, James E. Coulter, mayor of Hicksville, John M. Sommers, Waterloo; H. P. Gude and J. Schloss, Baltimore; L. C. Colton, Pleasant Lake, party, are at the Aveline house.

George W. Latley, Cincinnati; Hugh Hughes, Galion, Ohio; F. H. Rupert, Indianapolis; C. R. Hutchinson, Cold Water, Mich.; W. R. Cheaney, Hicksville; R. L. Pratt, Rochester, and twenty-two members of the "Adamless Eden" party, are at the Moyer house.

L. C. Graves, Winona, Ind.; F. C. Kellogg, Rochester, N. Y.; W. H. Lamb, Mass.; S. S. Richardson, Brighton; J. J. Knox, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Martin, Bluffton; Mrs. Gardner, Bluffton; G. W. Wasson, York, Pa.; H. R. Ramsey, Chicago, and David B. Wilson, Lexington, Ky., are at the Robinson.

THE COURT HOUSE.

Daily Record of Litigation in Various Courts and the News of the County Offices.

The circuit court will not be in session next week.

John Valentine has sued John B. McAdams et al. to quiet title to real estate.

Treasurer Dalman received this morning from the state treasurer \$25,592.04 for school fund purposes.

The case of Leykau vs. Shuman was heard yesterday and Judge Hench will give his decision next Monday.

Oscar A. Higgins has sued O. L. Starkey & Co., to recover \$300. W. P. Brown appears for the plaintiff.

County orders affect up to the first of December, 1883, amount to \$20,641.17; and the county fund on hand is \$25,000.

The will of C. G. Robbins was probated yesterday. W. P. Breen is appointed executor and filed a bond of \$1,400.

Allou county has paid \$1,202.42 to the state for the keeping of our pauper inmates at the benevolent institutes at Indianapolis.

Judge Hench has fixed the following cases for trial next week: Langhor administrator vs. Woodward, January 26; Zeller et al vs. Kiser, January 27; France vs. Carroll, January 27; Bruebach vs. Nathan, January 28.

In the superior court this morning Judge John Morris, for Dave Robinson, filed a cross-complaint in the suit for divorce brought by his wife. David sets up a general denial to the charges made by his wife and cites as a reason for their last separation that Mrs. Robinson put her hands in soap suds and then lovingly put them about David's neck, to squeeze him. He objected to this kind of courtship, and says so in a forcible way. David wanted no soap suds love in his. The complaint of Mrs. Robinson cites that her husband is worth \$8,100 and she wants half of it. He also gets \$24 a month pension money. David offers to give his wife a divorce, \$1,000 and a cow if she will quit.

Jacob R. Evans, a well known merchant of Lancaster, Pa., adds his testimony to thousands of others. He writes: "For several years past I have been subject to severe and acute rheumatism, and notwithstanding I had taken everything I could hear of, I grew still worse, till this winter. Hearing of the virtues of Mishoe's Herb bitters, I determined to purchase a bottle of it, and it afforded me great pleasure in recommending it to the public as a sure and safe medicine."

Bismarck says that "it was a long time before my poor mother could be persuaded that in hatching me she had not produced a gander."

A CAND.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. Joseph T. INMAN, Ste. 100, New York.

aug 12 edd & wv

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, is not an invincible pugilist, after all the bouts that have been made for him, and his recent experience will perhaps teach him to let Chicago's distinguished opponent of the manly art alone, and content himself with the proud fame to be won from knocking down inoffensive winter girls.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Esmond trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank.

They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

A CAND.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. Joseph T. INMAN, Ste. 100, New York.

aug 12 edd & wv

WELL HERE'S YOUR PICNIC!

The Magnificent Stock of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, ETC.,

Of the Late Firm of Sam, Pete & Max,

WILL BE CLOSED OUT AT ONCE

At the Sheriff's Appraisement.

THE STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,

M. KOCH, Proprietor.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

The Places Where All May Unite in Singing Praise Unto the Giver of all Good.

Services at the Congregational church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. All are invited.

Third Presbyterian church, Rev. S. S. Marks pastor, communion services to-morrow at 10:40 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. All are invited.

Services at the Christian chapel, corner of Griffith and Jefferson streets, by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. All cordially invited.

Services at the Nickel Plate-Grand Rapids junction, west of the city, Engineer W. W. Skidmore was indicted. He skipped, but returned to testify in the late Ellison case and was put under \$500 bonds to appear in court for trial for criminal neglect. He did not appear during this term of court, consequently his bond was declared forfeited by Judge O'Rourke who will compel his sureties, R. C. Bell, S. L. Morris and Charles McCulloch, to pay that amount into court or produce their man for trial and the custody of the sheriff. Skidmore is charged with criminal carelessness in running his engine into the Grand Rapids train.

It will be remembered that shortly after the collision at the Nickel Plate-Grand Rapids junction, west of the city, Engineer W. W. Skidmore was indicted. He skipped, but returned to testify in the late Ellison case and was put under \$500 bonds to appear in court for trial for criminal neglect. He did not appear during this term of court, consequently his bond was declared forfeited by Judge O'Rourke who will compel his sureties, R. C. Bell, S. L. Morris and Charles McCulloch, to pay that amount into court or produce their man for trial and the custody of the sheriff. Skidmore is charged with criminal carelessness in running his engine into the Grand

C. M. Dawson, the prosecuting attorney for this county, returned from Indianapolis to-day. At a meeting of the prosecuting attorneys of the state last Thursday, Mr. Dawson was honored by being elected to the presidency of the association. Every county in the state was represented and no more brilliant legal assembly ever met. Our Mort can shine over all and they recognize the fact.

It will be remembered that shortly after the collision at the Nickel Plate-Grand Rapids junction, west of the city, Engineer W. W. Skidmore was indicted. He skipped, but returned to testify in the late Ellison case and was put under \$500 bonds to appear in court for trial for criminal neglect. He did not appear during this term of court, consequently his bond was declared forfeited by Judge O'Rourke who will compel his sureties, R. C. Bell, S. L. Morris and Charles McCulloch, to pay that amount into court or produce their man for trial and the custody of the sheriff. Skidmore is charged with criminal carelessness in running his engine into the Grand

Rapids train.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little children are awake as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

lockjaw.

LATE LOCAL NEWS.

The Fort Wayne Building and Loan association directors met last night to award the loans bid for at their monthly meeting.

Engineer A. Johnson, of the Pittsburgh, went east on train No. 4 yesterday morning to meet his estimable wife who is visiting friends in Ohio.

Next week Prosecuting Attorney Dawson will begin to foreclose state tax liens on delinquent property, as section 6,401 of the act of 1881 directs him to do.

Joe Slater has been appointed foreman of the blacksmith shop at the Bass foundry and machine works. Joe is an old Fort Wayne boy and a good mechanician.

The county commissioners met this afternoon and selected Dr. K. K. Wheeless, secretary of the county board of health at the magnificent salary of \$50 a year. Last year Dr. H. V. Swerling received \$24 a month pension money.

Judge O'Rourke granted judgments in the circuit court this afternoon as follows: Jacob Strauss vs. Mary Kuck et al \$116.96; L. C. Paine vs. Fred Reiter et al. \$2,275.88; Charles F. Pfeiffer vs. Bennett B. Evans, \$14.

On account of the rush of business several extra gangs of men are working in the Pittsburg round house getting out engines. Freight business is booming, thirty six trains going out about every twenty-four hours.

The Pittsburg machinists are having work piled on them. An engine came here from Dunkirk yesterday for repair and the men are turning tires for locomotive driving wheels for the Muncie road. Engine 202 left the shop to-day after Foreman Barney Fitzpatrick put her through the test.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Esmond trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank.

They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, is not an invincible pugilist, after all the bouts that have been made for him, and his recent experience will perhaps teach him to let Chicago's distinguished opponent of the manly art alone, and content himself with the proud fame to be won from knocking down inoffensive winter girls.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Esmond trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank.

They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, is not an invincible pugilist, after all the bouts that have been made for him, and his recent experience will perhaps teach him to let Chicago's distinguished opponent of the manly art alone, and content himself with the proud fame to be won from knocking down inoffensive winter girls.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Esmond trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank.

They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, is not an invincible pugilist, after all the bouts that have been made for him, and his recent experience will perhaps teach him to let Chicago's distinguished opponent of the manly art alone, and content himself with the proud fame to be won from knocking down inoffensive winter girls.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Esmond trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank.

They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, is not an invincible pugilist, after all the bouts that have been made for him, and his recent experience will perhaps teach him to let Chicago's distinguished opponent of the manly art alone, and content himself with the proud fame to be won from knocking down inoffensive winter girls.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Esmond trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank.

They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, is not an invincible pugilist, after all the bouts that have been made for him, and his recent experience will perhaps teach him to let Chicago's distinguished opponent of the manly art alone, and content himself with the proud fame to be won from knocking down inoffensive winter girls.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Esmond trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank.

They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, is not an invincible pugilist, after all the bouts that have been made for him, and his recent experience will perhaps teach him to let Chicago's distinguished opponent of the manly art alone, and content himself with the proud fame to be won from knocking down inoffensive winter girls.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Esmond trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank.

They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, is not an invincible pugilist, after all the bouts that have been made for him, and his recent experience will perhaps teach him to let Chicago's distinguished opponent of the manly art alone, and content himself with the proud fame to be won from knocking down inoffensive winter girls.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Esmond trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank.

They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, is not an invincible pugilist, after all the bouts that have been made for him, and his recent experience will perhaps teach him to let Chicago's distinguished opponent of the manly art alone, and content himself with the proud fame to be won from knocking down inoffensive winter girls.

On application of S. B. Bond, Judge O'Rourke this afternoon appointed O. P. Morgan trustee of personal effects and George Esmond trustee of real estate for the Fort Wayne National bank.

They deliver the property over to the new bank organization, which begins existence Monday.

Mr. Sullivan, of Boston,